

RELIGIOUS COMMENT

Giving and Receiving.
It needs of love you would achieve,
This one great truth, you must believe—
By giving you can best receive.
With prophet poor your crust divide;
The little left is multiplied,
And wait is kept far from thy side.
Give water with a liberal hand;
And, though a famine curse the land,
You never once athirst shall stand.
Scatter the seed across the field
Expect that when the scythe you wield
Abundant increase it will yield.
Give all you have in faith that more
Will be supplied from God's own store;
Blessing will fall beside thy door.
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
What would supply a brother's need
Lay not aside in selfish greed.
God sees the gift before Him laid;
The liberal soul shall fat be made,
The deed of love full well repaid.
—Advocate.

Quiet Hour

Who or What is Your Master?
"No man can serve two masters."—St. Matt., vi., 24.

It is always impressive and helpful to have a statement intended as a rule of life uttered with authority and in language so simple and direct that it cannot be misunderstood.

Jesus Christ, whose words these are, was not only the "Lord of Life," but the Master of living. He spoke not only as one having authority, but out of an experience that had tested in his own life the rules he gave for the guidance of others.

That he exemplified both in letter and spirit, the principle expressed in the text is so clearly a matter of history that even his most persistent critics have not been able to gainsay. Nor should any one fail to understand the force of the axiom—"No man can serve two masters." It is a universal negative and asserts an impossible condition of service. It does not destroy the free exercise of the human will, but it places a limitation upon the functions of that will.

We are so constituted that though one may boast of his independence in thought and action, nevertheless there is a mastery to which every one is ever rendering an obedient service. We must serve some master, but "no man can serve two masters." Nevertheless we are confronted with the fact that the great majority of men are endeavoring to do the very thing which is here pronounced impossible and proved to be so by all experience. Alas! how many have fallen victims to this vain endeavor; how many are still engaged in the hopeless task of a dual service.

The Great Teacher gives a concrete example: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." God, as representing the very highest, because most perfect, mastery, and Mammon, as demanding the very lowest, because the most degrading, service—each is an imperious and exacting master, and no man can be loyal to both. Their wills are so different, their commands so opposite and their ends so antagonistic that the occasion must frequently arise when one or the other will have to be despised and disobeyed if the other be honored and served. Try as we may to elude the difficulty of the situation we are forced to enlist in the service of the one or the other. Beyond a doubt Mammon rule—Mammon worship—is one of the distinctive features of the day, and few realize how deep is the impress upon life and character.

There is an expression about "every man" or "everything" having its price, and the fact that it calls forth a resentment that steadily grows less pronounced indicates how far we have gone in this direction. However, there is no necessary conflict between the acquisition of wealth and the highest duty of life, but there is a necessary conflict between the mastery of wealth and the mastery of God. When men are so dominated by the love of gain that it becomes an absorbing passion and the higher claims of duty are made secondary they should at least be honest with themselves and know in what service they are enlisted, and not be deluded by the thought that they can "hold to the one" and not "despise the other." Unworthy service assumes other forms. Society, fashion, pleasure may be substituted for "Mammon," and we have identically the same situation. It is not a question of inconsistency or incongruity. It is not "ye ought," but "ye cannot."

If, therefore, every man must serve some master, and "no man can serve two masters," and every man really does serve one master, ought not each one to deal honestly and fairly with himself, and as an intelligent and responsible being demand an answer to this very pertinent question, "Who or what is my master?"—Hutchens C. Bishop.

The Echoes of Life.
Among the ancient quarries of Syracuse, known as Latomia, there is one called the Ear of Dionysius, where, tradition says, Dionysius used to conceal himself in a chamber in the upper part of the rock and listen to the whispered conversations of his political prisoners. In this lofty cavern, the slightest whisper, the rustling of a piece of paper, the striking of a match produces an extraordinary

reverberating echo, many times louder than its cause. The world is a great whispering gallery, where the words and acts, the thoughts and desires repeat themselves in louder tones, echoing again and again until they reach the everlasting hills beyond the skyline and the clouds. The last has not been heard of the sinful desire which has found a place in your heart, the impure thought has wings which carries it to the judgment seat, the angry word may rankle in the soul of a woman, but it cries for vengeance as it passes on for judgment, and the deed leaves a deeper imprint than the eagle's claw found in the rock. What are the echoes of your life saying? Do they speak of noble deeds and gentle words born of love to Christ, or are they reflections of a worldly spirit that hovers in the darkness of sin? Speak the word of peace and the angels will stoop to listen. Live a life of faith in Christ and a halo of glory will encircle the sky. The world is listening to the message of your heart. Live for Christ and the echoes of your life will speak to men of peace through the blood of the Cross.

The Companionship of Christ.
The higher friendship brings a satisfaction of heart, and a joy commensurate to the love. Its reward is itself, the sweet, enthralling relationship, not any advantageous gain it promises, either in the present or for the future. Even if there were no physical or moral rewards and punishments in the world, we would still love and serve Christ for his own sake. The soul that is bound by this personal attachment to Jesus has a life in the eternal, which transfigures the life in time with a great joy. This friendship with the Lord knows no fear of loss; neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come can separate us. It is joy and strength in the present, and it lights up the future with a great hope. We are not much concerned about speculations regarding the future, for we know that we are in the hands of our Lover. All that we care to assert of the future is that Christ will in an even fuller degree be the environment of all Christian souls; and the effect of that constant environment will fulfill the aspiration of the apostle, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Communion produces likeness. This even now is the test of our friendship with the Lord.

A Clean Heart.
Nature has her own wonderful methods of cleansing. She takes the foul drop from the street gutter and carries it up into the air, to fall on some mountain top, a pure, white snowflake. Or she makes the win's her swift messengers, to bear the life-giving ozone from the waves of the ocean far inland where the air is laden with impurities. These natural processes are emblems of the work of divine grace in the human heart. Not once or twice, but in cases which no man can number, has the sinner been purified from his villenness. There is no stain of sin so dark and deep that it cannot be washed away in the "fountain opened . . . for uncleanness." No penitent ever uttered the cry of David, "Create me a clean heart, O God," whose prayer did not, like the touching of an electric button, awaken the response in heaven, "I will, be thou clean."

But we may be very sure of this, that God alone can make the heart clean. Not more vainly did the leper appeal to human physicians for healing than do we seek purity in our own strength. Only he who created can cleanse.

The Voice of God.
Just as soon as the soul becomes freed from sin does it become conscious of the voice of God. God is speaking now to you, but the din of sin roars so loudly in your ears that you do not hear the voice of God. God speaks everywhere. Everything speaks to the sensitive soul; everything in nature is a tongue of God that is speaking of his love and his mercy. The atmosphere, which is kept in such perfect equilibrium as to sustain life, speaks of God. The coming spring—the flowers—the trees, the murmuring brooks, speak of God, as well as the thunder which is the voice of his power—all these speak of God. But God speaks to us most of all in the still, small voice within, and through the word of his grace. Listen to him!

The Bonds of Habit.
"The other day," says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, writing in the Sunday Magazine, "I had to address some 2,000 children, and fearing lest I might fail to secure their attention, I called a lad of twelve into my pulpit, and proceeded to wind around him a long knotted entanglement, first cotton, then string, next twine, next small cord, afterward rope, ending with a chain and padlock. Of course, he could break the cotton, but this led swiftly to the string, and this to a stronger one, and so on, till at last the clasp of the padlock made him fast. My prisoner, bound by the cords of his habits, and I think those boys and girls will never forget the lesson of the inevitable connection between thoughts, acts, habits, character, destiny."

Fads and Frills



A Handsome Coat.
Long tuck coats are much worn both with skirts of the material and as general wraps. This one is essentially smart and suits both purposes equally well, but, as illustrated, is made of soft gray broadcloth with



trimming of the new Parisian lamb braid in gray and white, and makes part of a costume. The tucks give the long liner that mean slenderness and grace and the collarless neck is peculiarly well adapted to wear with a fur scarf or pelerine or with any similar addition to the outfit. The sleeves are both new and smart and can be worn over those of the waist without danger of rumpling. The quantity of material required is 3 1/4 yards 44 or 2 3/4 yards 52 inches wide.—May Manton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Girl's One-Piece Apron.
An exceedingly pretty apron is shown here in an original design, made up in lawn and edged with embroidery. The apron is in one piece and slips on over the head. This means a saving in the labor of making, for there are no buttons and buttonholes and no back opening. A narrow belt is worn with the dress and if desired, pockets might be added.



Aside from the simplicity of the design and make any one can see at a glance how easily a garment of this kind could be laundered, the front and back being the same. It requires only a few minutes' time to make the garment and as little time to freshen it up by laundering.

Lawn, dimity, cross-barred muslin, gingham and batiste are suitable materials.

Pretty and Serviceable.
The common custom of using rush mats under hot dishes as a protection to the polished wood does not appeal to a housewife as giving an air of daintiness to a prettily set dining table, and we suggest a pretty idea for



a mat with an opening in the center, into which you can slip a piece of asbestos cut the shape of the linen, only a trifle smaller. When the mat needs laundering, slip out the asbestos and launder as dollies.

Flaring Turbans Stylish.
In turbans, the canotier, or boat shape, still holds first place, though some round and box shapes are seen. These hats are made in quilted silk, in chenille or braided felt, in beaver, in velvet, in fur.

Little bouton roses will hold the popularity they have gained this summer and the most famous of the Parisian milliners show a liking for the mingling of these tiny roses in a very deep red and tea rose, or yellowish pink shade. One black velvet hat with high crown and broad brim has prim little roses in these two colors grouped around the crown like a high dog collar, with a cluster of the flowers at the side, from which starts one black plume curling over the brim and down over the shoulder.

Fashions of the Hour.
All reception frocks will be cut very full, lying on the ground all round and showing any amount of stitchery. The intricacies of dress-making are greater than ever and, despite the attempt at apparent simplicity, the enormous amount of detail in every frock worthy of note is such that only experts can undertake it with any hope of success. The woman who can afford two or three superior frocks has a good investment, because there is so much work in them and the materials are so sumptuous that they really ought to last a longer time than usual. Fashions of the hour are costly, and it is useless to pretend they are not.

Proper Dance Frocks.
Very finely accented plaited frocks are de rigueur for dances; and the flou and wide berthe of lace and indeed of ribbon, are both popular. A delightful vieux rose crystalline frock for a young girl had both bodice and skirt finely plaited. Round the hem were medallions of cream Brussels applique, outlined with black velvet leaves. The accordion-plaited bodice was inserted with straggling applique leaves on the lace and a deep berthe of the same fell over the shoulders. The arm was bare at the top, while the full sleeve was put on just above the elbow and held in place by black velvet leaves, which looked particularly well on the white arm.

Fashionable Fabrics.
Among the fashionable fabrics zibeline and the rough mixtures are the best materials for street suits. The variety shown in these materials is almost endless. Zibelines come in so many colors and combinations that they furnish material for severe tailor suits, for dressy wraps and for elaborate costumes. Then the novelty zibelines are seen in spotted and "nub" effects, stripes, irregular figures and pepper and salt patterns.

Petticoats of Paris.
The flannel petticoat is seen once more at the leading lingerie shops in Paris. It is beautifully shaped and trimmed with frills of silk, often inserted with medallions of coarse silk embroidery. In most cases these are lined with thin silk. As a matter of fact, flannel is a lovely fabric if it is only treated properly, and nowadays the manufacturers produce it in the most beautiful colorings. Such garments entirely upset all our old ideas

of the red flannel petticoats of our grandmothers!

New Fancy in Gloves.
Soft gauntlets that pull on and shape to the arm are the newest fancies in gloves. They fit snugly over the wrist in the back and the little fullness is gathered to the front with an inside elastic band. If they are of dark kid, they are lined with a delicate light gray or pink. An unusually striking pair was of black lined with soft yellow. Another pretty evening

glove is shaded from very light gray in the hand up to quite dark in the gauntlet.



Pretty Dressing Sack.
Attractiveness is as important a factor as comfort in the selection of a dressing sack, and both these details were considered in designing the one shown here, in figured material and having a prettily shaped collar and deep cuff in plain colored material. It takes no more time to make up a pretty dressing sack, and the material costs no more, than to make up a common looking garment—and how much more satisfaction there is in feeling that you have a pretty, neat sack of the latest design.

The design shows a tucked yoke in front, thus enabling one to make a dainty, pretty design without the large collar. The sack may be worn with or without the belt. For a neat little dressing sack that is nice enough for afternoon wear as well as for a morning sack this is a good model to follow. Made up in figured Japanese silk or challis, and using white or plain colored material for collar and cuffs, one fashions a most charming design.

Cashmere, albatross, fleece-lined material and silk are suitable to the mode.

Latest in Collars.
Cape collar of cream crepe de chine bands, joined by fagoting and bordered with silk fringe. The neck is finished by an application of ecru lace.



Belt buckle of silver with colored stones.

Fashion Tips.
Silky broadcloth is used for separate waists.

Wood fiber lace in two tones trims the rough fabrics.

Soft shades of gray and white have won my lady's favor.

The plainest serge gown is wonderfully touched up by collars and cuffs of oriental embroidery.

Missouri Notes

J. G. Gallimore, proprietor of the Salisbury Press-Spectator for eighteen years, has sold his paper to J. Ritzenthaler of Huntsville. The price is said to have been \$6,000.

Jewell Mayes, editor of the Richmond Missourian, is now known as President Mayes. He was elected chief executive officer of the Northwest Missouri Press association in St. Joseph a few days ago.

The editor of the Filmore Lever is pleased over a trade he made recently. "We swapped a brass horn for a good sized hog the other day," he says. "Music may have charms to soothe the savage beast, but it doesn't have a filling effect on the empty stomach."

A Chicago man who wrote a Henry county farmer wanting to sell him a sulky plow, was surprised to receive the following reply: "Dear Sir: I can't use no sulky plow. I have enough trouble gittin' the old kid to run without tryin' none that is liable to balk on me."

A Cameron paper printed a paragraph to the effect that a man in Cameron, who has been married thirty years, still kisses his wife when he leaves home, which led the Osborne Enterprise to say: "Stewartville has a man, married thirty-five years, who kisses his neighbor's wife every time his neighbor leaves home and Osborne has a man married forty years, who not only kisses his wife when he leaves home, but kisses the hired girl when his wife leaves home."

Justice Nicholson, sitting police judge of St. Joseph, has this to say of those who carry concealed weapons: "The man who carries concealed weapons, a revolver, a knife, knuckles or a billy, is a coward. He is not only a coward, but he is a disgrace to mankind. He should be deprived of his freedom and put in a place where he will not do injury to his fellowmen. If it were not for him there would not be nearly so many murderers in our prisons. Many otherwise bright and honorable young men unwittingly follow his example and before they know it they are arrested to answer to the charge of taking human life. As long as I sit on this bench this class of law breakers will get the limit, full time in the city workhouse and the biggest cash fine I can impose."

A Brookfield man turned the hands of the clock of time back thirty years last week long enough to sell a wagon load of "long green" tobacco by the handful on the streets.

A young man named Wrighttrot applied to a Kirksville editor for a job last week. The editor was going to employ him, but changed his mind when he heard the applicant's name.

The first cob pipes made in Missouri were whittled out by a German cabinet maker at Warrensburg, named Franz Tibbs, in the early '70s. He afterwards moved to Washington, Franklin county, and became wealthy manufacturing the famous Missouri meerschaum.

It is well nigh impossible to leave the kingdom of Callaway after once settling there. James Howard decided a few months ago that some other part of the country would suit him better and he sold his Callaway county farm and left. Last week he bought it back and has declared that the kingdom of Callaway is good enough for him.

The negro Knight of Pythias are preparing to build a \$75,000 temple in St. Louis.

The St. Joseph News and Press has discovered that it pays to burn the midnight oil—that is, it pays Rockefeller.

The ugliness of the alligator has its use, it seems. A Joplin negro who saw an alligator in a window there the other day was so frightened he went and signed the pledge right away.

The Platte County Argus found it necessary to have two supplements last week. The Kansas City young man who bought an interest in the paper recently seems to have taken some of the "Kansas City Spirit" to Platte City with him.

The Braymen Comet ran a column Thursday of contributions in prose and verse from different people telling what they were thankful for. The following is a sample of them: "I'm thankful for all the blessings—blessings from north and south. But I'm glad I came in the dark moon, and didn't all run to mouth!"—Ben H. Kite.

Captain W. G. Watkins, of Clinton, has in his possession his own death warrant, issued and signed by the United States officers during the Civil war. Captain Watkins was sentenced to be shot for recruiting Confederate soldiers inside the Union lines. He escaped from Gratiot prison in St. Louis, where he was confined awaiting the death penalty, and was never recaptured. Recently Captain Watkins secured the warrant for his own death. He prizes the war relic highly.

Mayor Ong of Laclede is another man who should drop over to Moberly and meet Mayor Ab Dingle.

The Buckner Tribune issued its annual trade edition Saturday. The edition is one Buckner should be proud of.

Four Sarcoxie druggists have been arrested for selling liquor, or as the Rich Hill Review would say, "for selling unwholesome."

The editor of the Brookfield Argus headed his column of Linn county news last week, "Linn-o-Type," and, while one or two spoke of it, nobody stopped the paper."